

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Get This Low"

"I'ma get deep like Jacques Cousteau"
"Jacques Cousteau could never get this low, ahh" – ODB
"Jacques Cousteau could never get this low, ahh" – ODB
"Jacques Cousteau could never get this low, ahh" – ODB
"And I'mma get mad deep like a threat!"

[Black Thought:]

No where to go when I be flowing, try to flow and then before
Back in the day when I was poor, I couldn't afford a Diadora
On ya case like your lawyer, think you run, you mistaken
Put all records to the side, and it's ya face I'm fuckin' breaking
Awake and innovate, and changin' shape like amoebas
I'm rollin' with stolen Tim, get slapped, match with Adidas
We just wreckin', what the fuck was you expectin' from a minor
Put a bullet through ya chest, and see who next in line behind ya
Straight up and down, ya'll have a sermon and blew it
I have niggas wildin', as if they smoked' a gallon of embalmin' fluid
Grilling, want to be flipped like some shrimp on the Barbie
I do my dirt up in Philly, chill in the hills of Upper Darby
Niggas that's rolling through my hood like a trooper
Come in numerous numbers pussy, I smoke ya then reduce ya
Crucify ya, I fucked Elvira, now I'mma fuckin' shoot ya
My bone is hard as stone, cause I got blowjob from Medusa

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[Ikon the Hologram:]

The beat addict, I'm crushin' MC's who cause static
Pen hits the pad, I touch stars in the attic
The dopeness that wrote this, when suckas provoke this
Now it's the time for perpetrators to quote this
Rhyme that I wrote for heads to get loose to
I blow up spots like snots in a tissue
I dissed you, dismissed you, but suckas persist to
Bite my flow, so now you know --
That when I rip up a set, I get mad deep
Don't sleep, or you and ya whole crew can get beat
As I'm waxin', taxin', a dope reaction
Bitches who front, get reduced like fractions
So ya motherfuckers flex to vex, who's next in line
To recline, and steal my rhyme for check
Now the man ya facin', ya rhymes I'm erasin'
If you trip or get slick, I convict like Perry Mason

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[Jus Allah:]

Meet ya makers, ya fakers and imitators
I'm greater because I do my best work on paper
Mad raps, wax the disaster from the masters
Snatchin' up rappers, and takin' out actors
MC's can test gift but yo, don't pass the limit
You finished, so save the Die Hard image for Bruce Willis
Ya raps are a joke, but I put dope from start
Transform with the art, rippin' ya fuckin' mics apart
This is the rawest of words you've ever heard
My rap style superb, kicking nerds to the curb
It can't compete with the man when I freak it
The crew will get beat quick, so stay in ya seat bitch
Rhymes I wreck or perfect, and correct lyrically
Too complex, fo' ya punks to step
Yo, I be rhyming hits whenever it's time to flip quick
A writer's block non-stop, and I'mma get --

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